APPLE COMICS™

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The TIME JUMP WAR™

ACTION in OUTER SPACE!

A lone man and woman face a terror from beyond time!

by Chuck Dixon and Enrique Villagran

The Time Jump War™

Chuck Dixon • *Writer/editor*
Enrique Villagran • *Artist*
Ricardo Villagran • *Cover artist*
Marc Hempel • *Logo design*

How'd we get *this* far?

by Chuck Dixon

They do comics differently south of the border.

In the dark days of Winter, 1988, Enrique Villagran and his brother, Ricardo, invited me to the studio they shared in the Philadelphia suburbs. As usual on these visits, we had an animated discussion of comics and movies and guns until the early hours of the morning.

Los Hermanos Villagran are talented and enthusiastic conversationalists and I always looked forward to these get-togethers. Along with the talk in Spanish and English and international hand waving, there was always lots of art to look at.

On this particular evening, between the jokes and the stories, Enrique showed me some drawings he had done. They were in his usual crisp and attractive style and depicted male and female space warriors and a scantily-clad cavegirl.

He asked me what I thought of them. I told him they looked great and asked what story they went with. He replied that they went with whatever story I *chose* for them to go with.

(continued on page 32)

The Time Jump War™

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FRANKFURT, GERMANY.
(GET UNDER COVER! WE'RE GOING TO BLAST IN FIVE!)*
*TRANSLATED FROM GERMAN.
KRUMP!!
(THE BLAST CLEARED THAT GRANITE STRATA. WE CAN SET THE PYLONS FOR THE FOUNDATIONS NOW.)
(LOOK AT THIS!)
(SOME KIND OF WRITING...)
(LOOK WHAT WE FOUND!)
(WHAT'S THE HOLD UP? WHAT ARE YOU STOPPING FOR?)
(IT'S SOLID ROCK AND HAS SOME KIND OF WRITING ON THE SIDES.)
(THAT'S NOT POSSIBLE! THIS STRATA IS ALMOST ONE HUNDRED METERS DOWN.)
(IMPOSSIBLE, BUT THERE IT IS.)
(IT'S IN ENGLISH!)

"I'M DOYLE MACKLINTON. CAPTAIN, U.S. SPACE CAVALRY, RETIRED. I'M NOT SURE **WHAT** YEAR IT IS. THE LAST DATE I REMEMBER IS AUGUST 9, 2098.

"THAT'S ANNO DOMINI, **FOLKS.**

"THE THINK GUYS FOUND EVIDENCE OF AN EXTRATERRESTRIAL PRESENCE ON EUROPA. THEY SENT A BUNCH OF SCIENCE FAGS OUT TO SCOPE IT OVER.

"I WAS PILOTING A TRANSPORT TUG FULL OF MARINE HARDCASES. IF WE GOT WITHIN SPITTING DISTANCE OF THE **CRITTERS** THEY'D LET THESE GUYS LOOSE ON THEM.

DONNA RICE

"I FELT SORRY FOR THE **ALIENS.**

"THEY NEVER CAME BACK. SO THE NEXT LOGICAL STEP WAS A **MILITARY** ONE. THEY SENT THE WHOLE MARS FLEET OUT TO KICK ALIEN ASS.

"MY CO-PILOT WAS LIEUTENANT VERONICA "RONNIE" KILLY. WE'D BEEN STATIONED TOGETHER ON PHOBOS FOR THE LAST THREE STANDARD MONTHS."

THEY WANT US ON SECTOR FIVE TAKING THE REAR, DOY.

SPEAK **ENGLISH**, RONNIE.

THEY WANT US IN RIGHT FIELD. DEEP.

WE'RE TO BE IN THE SECOND PASS. THEY FOUND SOME KIND OF ENERGY FIELD SET UP IN SPACE ON THE FAR SIDE OF EUROPA. THEY'RE GOING TO TAKE IT DOWN.

THEY'RE SENDING IN THE BIG GUNS FIRST. I GUESS WE HANG BACK UNTIL WE CAN MAKE MOONFALL.

WISH WE COULD SEE THE SHOW FROM HERE.

HOLY SHIT! YOU SEE THAT FIREFIGHT?

I'M JUST GLAD I'M SEEING IT FROM HERE.

THEY'RE ORDERING US IN.

SHIT.

"WE WERE RIDING INTO A HELL OF LASER FIRE AND HEAT BLASTS. WELL, THAT'S WHAT THEY PAID US FOR.
"THE ALIENS HAD SET UP SOME HEAVY GUNS ON EUROPA'S SURFACE.
"NOBODY EVEN KNEW WHAT THESE BASTARDS LOOKED LIKE.
"WE WERE GETTING NAILED.
JESUS!
"WE CAME WITHIN VISUAL RANGE OF THE FIELD.
"THE USSF WESTMORELAND DID A SCAN OF THE ALIEN FIELD BEFORE SHE TOOK A PARTICLE BEAM IN HER FUEL CELLS.
"THE RESULTS WERE BURST-TRANSED TO OUR ONBOARD UNIT."

"THE ENERGY FIELD WAS SOME KIND OF DIMENSIONAL PORTAL. IF THE ALIENS COULD KEEP IT OPEN, THEY COULD LEAD A WHOLE DAMNED ARMADA THROUGH IT FROM WHEREVER THE HELL IT WAS THEY CAME FROM.
COM'S ALL DEAD. NO DATA, DOY.
SCREW IT! I DON'T NEED ORDERS TO TELL ME THAT WE'VE GOT TO TAKE DOWN ONE OF THOSE ENERGY PROJECTORS AND CLOSE THE GATE!
"THAT WAS THE THEORY."
THIS IS A TROOP TRANSPORT, CAP'N, NOT A FAST GUN.
I DON'T HAVE ANY BETTER IDEAS, RONNIE! YOU COME UP WITH ONE, YOU MAKE SURE YOU TELL ME, OKAY?
DONALD RICE
"MAYBE WHAT I DID WAS BRAVE. I DON'T KNOW ABOUT THAT. ALL I DO KNOW IS THAT I WAS PISSED OFF."

YEAH!

I'M NOT GETTING ANY TRANSMISSIONS. I THINK WE'RE THE ONLY SHIP LEFT, DOY.

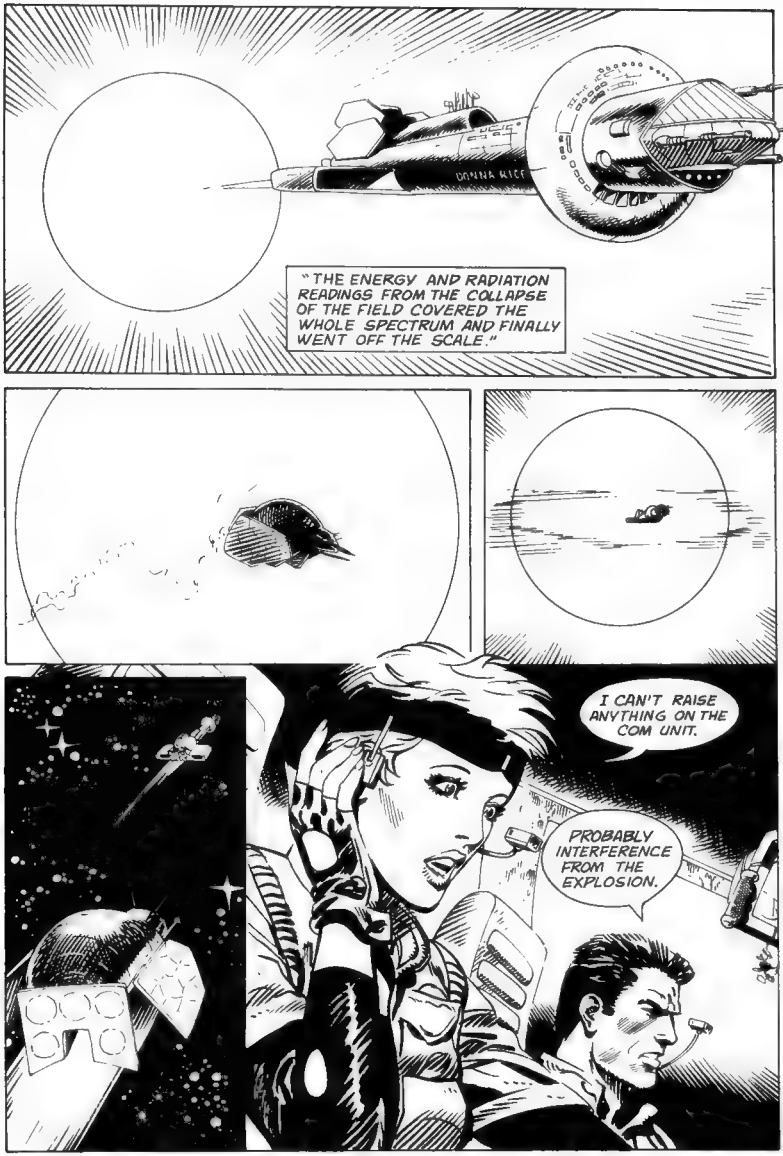
SO IT'S THE BOTTOM OF THE NINTH. MANKIND'S LAST STAND AND OLD DOY MACKLINTON IS UP TO SWING.

SEE YOU ON THE OTHER SIDE, LIEUTENANT.

NOT IF I SEE YOU FIRST, CAP'N.

WE'RE GETTING THE CRAP KICKED OUT OF US! ALL OF THEIR GUNS ARE AIMED ON THIS SIDE OF THE FIELD.
I'M GOING THROUGH IT!
ARE YOU SURE THAT'S A GOOD IDEA?
WE HAVE TO GET OUT OF THIS SHITSTORM!
WE'RE THROUGH! WHAT NOW, DOY?
WE BLAST ONE OF THOSE PROJECTORS AND COLLAPSE THE FIELD.
YOU CAN'T! WE'LL BE TRAPPED ON THE WRONG SIDE OF THE GATE!

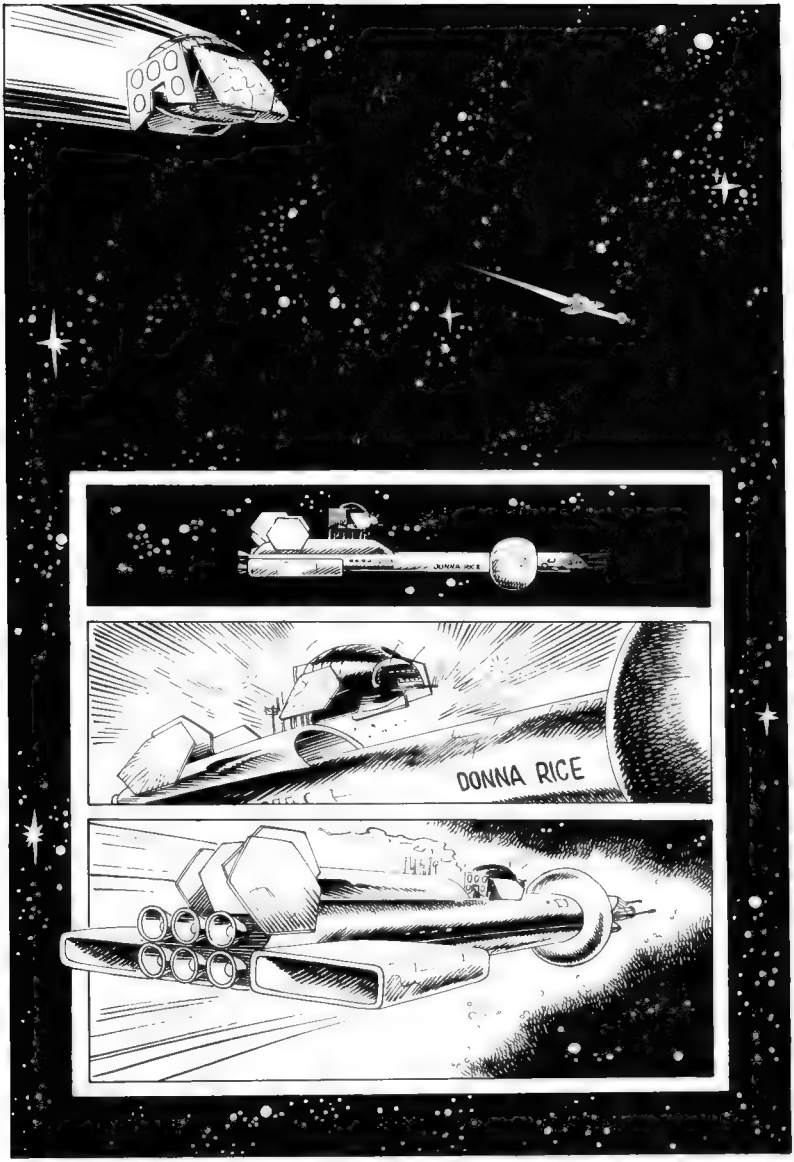
LOOK AROUND YOU, RONNIE. WHAT DO YOU NOTICE FIRST?
IT'S JUPITER. IT'S--
WE DIDN'T GO ANYWHERE. THE GATE MUST NOT HAVE BEEN POWERED UP. WE'RE STILL ON OUR END OF THE GALAXY.
BUT I DON'T SEE THE FLEET... I...
DON'T WORRY, RONNIE. I'VE GOT THE SITUATION UNDER CONTROL.
"I HIT THE NEAREST PROJECTOR WITH A QUAD BURST OF WHITE HEAT.
"THE FORCE OF THE EXPLOSION FOLLOWED THE ENERGY TRAIL TO THE OTHER PROJECTORS.
"BOY, WAS I EVER WRONG.
"IT LOOKED LIKE A GOOD TIME TO MOVE ON, AND FAST."


"THE ENERGY AND RADIATION READINGS FROM THE COLLAPSE OF THE FIELD COVERED THE WHOLE SPECTRUM AND FINALLY WENT OFF THE SCALE."
I CAN'T RAISE ANYTHING ON THE COM UNIT.
PROBABLY INTERFERENCE FROM THE EXPLOSION.

YOU'RE NOT TRACKING ME, DOY. I'M GETTING ZED ON ALL BANDS AND LENGTHS. I'M NOT PICKING UP COMS EVEN FROM MARSBASE. THE AIR IS DEAD.
MUST BE SOMETHING WRONG WITH OUR UNIT, TRY TO---
SWEET JESUS!
WHAT IS IT, DOY?
WHERE'D EVERYBODY GO?
"THE REMAINS OF THE FLEET, THE ALIEN SHIPS, THE BASE ON EUROPA... IT WAS ALL GONE... AS IF IT HAD NEVER BEEN THERE!"
WHAT'S HAPPENING, DOY? WHERE'D THE FLEET GO? WHY CAN'T I PICK UP ANY SPACE TRANSMISSIONS. NOT EVEN STATIC.
STEADY, RONNIE. THERE'S GOT TO BE AN EXPLANATION FOR ALL OF THIS.
I GUESS I'D BETTER UPDATE THE TROOPS IN BACK.
DON'T USE ANY BIG WORDS, DOY.
YOU CAN STILL JOKE.

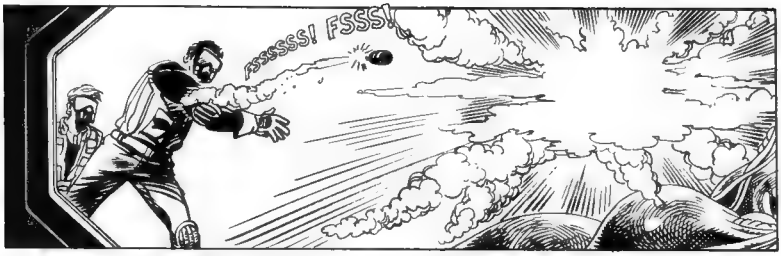
WHAT DO YOU MEAN THE MARS FLEET IS GONE, JETBOY?
I'M TRYING TO TELL YOU, BRANNICK. I WENT THROUGH THE ALIEN STARGATE AND BLEW IT TO HELL. WHEN WE CAME BACK TO THE BATTLEZONE, EVERYTHING WAS GONE.
YOU'RE TALKIN' BULLSHIT, SON.
MAYBE THE BLAST OF THE GATE COLLAPSING BLEW THE FLEET AWAY. I DON'T KNOW.
SO WHAT'S THIS MEAN TO US?
IT MEANS WE STAND DOWN, CLOVER.
THIS ISN'T MEANT AS AN INTERPLANETARY VEHICLE-- AND MARS IS AT THE FAR SIDE OF ITS ELLIPSE, SO EARTH IS CLOSEST.
I'M SETTING A COURSE FOR THERE.
GOIN' HOME.
ALL RIGHT, GENTLEMEN. STOW YOUR ORDNANCE AND INTO THE SLEEPCHAMBERS. IT'S NAPTIME.

ANYTHING?
ZED. I'M NOT EVEN RECEIVING CAST-OFF NOISE FROM EARTH TRANS. NO PHOBOS NO LUNA.
HOW ARE THE SOLDIER BOYS?
BRANNICK THREW A FIT. HAD TO PLAY HARDASS. BUT HE'S TUCKING THEM ALL IN.
WE MAY AS WELL DO THE SAME. WE CAN SET THE CONTROLS FOR EARTH ORBIT AND GO TO SLEEP. OTHERWISE, WE'LL JUST KEEP DRIVING OURSELVES PSYCHO WITH QUESTIONS WE CAN'T ANSWER.
YEAH.
WE'RE NOT GOING TO LEARN ANYTHING 'TIL WE GET HOME. NOTHING'S GOING TO HAPPEN ON THE TRIP HOME.
NOTHIN' BUT A CATNAP.
"WHY'D I HAVE TO BE SO DAMNED WRONG ALL THE TIME?"


DONNA RICE
DONNA RICE

"WE GOT OUR WAKE UP 75 DAYS LATER.
"I FELT LIKE SHIT COMING OUT OF THE TRANCE STATE.
"I ALWAYS DO."
BAD WAKE-UP, CAP'N?
WE'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO DREAM IN HYPER-SLEEP ARE WE?
NO. WHY?
I HAD SOME REAL SCREAMERS.
SPEAKING OF SCREAMING, I GUESS BRANNICK'S AWAKE AND WORKING HIS MOUTH. I'LL HAVE TO GO BACK AND TALK TO HIM.
LUCKY BOY.
THANKS, RONNIE. I LOVE YOU, TOO.
RONNIE! GET IN HERE!

THIS WAY, RONNIE.
WHAT HAPPENED TO THE LIGHTS?
THE SAME THING THAT HAPPENED TO THE SLEEPCHAMBERS. A POWERDOWN. THE MARINES DIDN'T WAKE UP.
OH MY GOD.
SHIT!
OH!
WHAT ARE THEY?
NOTHING GOOD.
GET ME SOME CHEMICAL GRENADES, RONNIE! THEY HAVE RED PINS!


FSSSSSS! FSSS!

IT'S WORKING. THE LITTLE BASTARDS ARE SHRIVELING UP LIKE FAT ON A GRIDDLE.
WHY WERE WE SPARED?

OUR HATCH WAS LOCKED. MAYBE THEY DIDN'T KNOW THERE WAS ANYONE UP FRONT.
WHO'S "THEY"?

MOMMY AND DADDY. THOSE WORMS WERE SOME KIND OF LARVAE. THEIR PARENTS ARE AROUND HERE SOMEWHERE.
DOY...

WHAT ARE YOU SAYING? WE LEFT THE ALIENS BEHIND WHEN WE BLEW THEIR GATE.
ONE OF THEM MUST HAVE GOTTEN THROUGH AND CAUGHT UP TO US.

BUT THEY AIN'T GOING HOME WITH US.
KLIK!

DROP BEHIND ME AND COVER THE EXIT, RONNIE.
CHECK, CAPN.
THIS IS HOW THEY GOT IN. THEY PROBABLY ATTACHED TO THE DONNA AFTER WE ENTERED THE SLEEP CHAMBERS.
SO, WHERE ARE THEY NOW?
PROBABLY UP IN THEIR SHIP. THEY PROBABLY DON'T LIKE OUR ATMOSPHERE SO MUCH. LEFT THE KIDS WITH THE SITTER.
THEY CAN STAY UP THERE, AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED. WHAT DO WE DO NOW?
WE CLOSE OFF THIS SECTOR AND BLOW THIS BUG PRICK OUT OF OUR BUTT. ONCE WE'VE JETTISONED THEIR SHIP WE CAN TURN THE DONNA'S GUNS ON IT.

WE'LL JUST---
RONNIE! BEHIND YOU!
JESUS!
OUT OF THE WAY, RONNIE!
FZAM! FZAM!
WHERE IS IT? DID YOU HIT IT?
I KNOCKED IT BACK IN THE CORNER BEHIND THOSE CONTAINERS.
RREEOO!
DAMN! YOU MUST HAVE CLIPPED IT! LISTEN TO IT HOWL.
IT'S NOT HOWLING BECAUSE I HURT IT--

-THE BASTARD IS CALLING FOR HELP!
SHIT
YOU SEEN ENOUGH?
HELL YES!
HAUL ASS OUT OF HERE, LIEUTENANT!
BLAM!
BLAM!
COME ON, BOY!
FSSSSS
FSSSSS
SHIT!

FZAM!
FZAM!
FZAM!
BLASK!
BLASK!
SHIT!
SON OF A BITCH!
GET READY TO DOG THAT HATCH, RONNIE!
CHRIST, THAT WAS CLOSE!
WHICH ONE WAS THE MALE?
WHO CARES? THEY'RE BOTH UGLY.
DAMN!
FZZZSSSSSS

THEY TOOK POINT BLANK HITS FROM A PULSE RIFLE. THEY WALK THROUGH BIO-CHEM AGENTS LIKE IT WAS SPRING RAIN. THEY'RE CUTTING THROUGH A FOOT-THICK PIERCED STEEL DOOR.
IT'S TIME TO GET THE HELL OUT OF HERE. WHAT'S OUR POSITION?
WE'RE IN A POLAR ORBIT OVER EARTH. IT'S A HIGH ONE.
PERFECT! MAN YOUR LIFEPODS.
WE'LL LET EARTH COMMAND FRY THESE BASTARDS. WE CAN RADIO THEM ON THE WAY DOWN.
BUT, DOY
NO FEEDBACK, LIEUTENANT. THOSE THINGS ARE GOING TO BE UP HERE IN A MINUTE. I WANT TO BE FAR AWAY FROM HERE WHEN THEY ARE. NOW MAN YOUR LIFEPOD.
MOVE IT!
YEAH...
THIS READOUT CAN'T BE RIGHT.
KRAK! FZZZZZ!
DAMN, THEY'RE COMING!

POP ONE TO POP TWO! YOU SECURED, RONNIE?
SECURED, DOV. THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT THE TERRA SCAN I DID OF EARTH. I'M GETTING NO TRANSMISSIONS AND--
OUR ANTENNAS MUST HAVE GOTTEN WRECKED. WE'LL CONTACT SOMEONE WHEN WE MAKE EARTHFALL.
AND THAT'S ANOTHER THING, DOV. I TRIED TO LINE US UP A GOOD LANDING ZONE BUT THE COMPUTATIONS WERE ALL AWKY.
THE CONTINENTS AREN'T ON THE RIGHT COORDINATES, DOV.
JUST PUT US DOWN ON ONE OF THEM IN THE SAME SECTOR.
CHECK, CAP'N.
STOP WORRYING, LIEUTENANT. OUR TROUBLES ARE OVER WHEN WE TOUCH DOWN.
DOWN TREE
"ONE OF THESE DAYS I WAS GOING TO SAY SOMETHING AND IT WAS GOING TO TURN OUT TO BE RIGHT.
"SURE!"

"THE ENTRY WAS OKAY. MAYBE A LITTLE WARM.

"I BEGAN TO SUSPECT SOMETHING WHEN I DIDN'T GET A MICROWAVE SIGNAL FROM A RESCUE STATION.

"THAT RADIO BEACON IS USED TO GUIDE LIFEPODS TO A SAFE LANDING.

"WITHOUT IT, LANDINGS COULD BE KIND OF ROUGH.

"KIND OF ROUGH, LIKE THOSE ALIENS ON THE DONNA WERE KIND OF UNFRIENDLY."

To be continued...

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Bonus Preview — Vox #2

Bonus Preview — Vox #2

18...17...16...15...14...13...12

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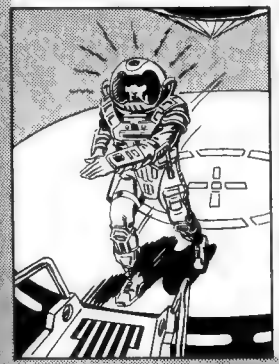
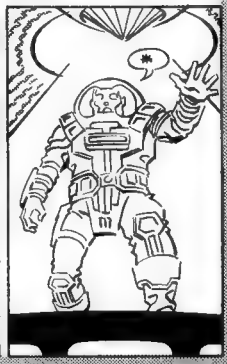
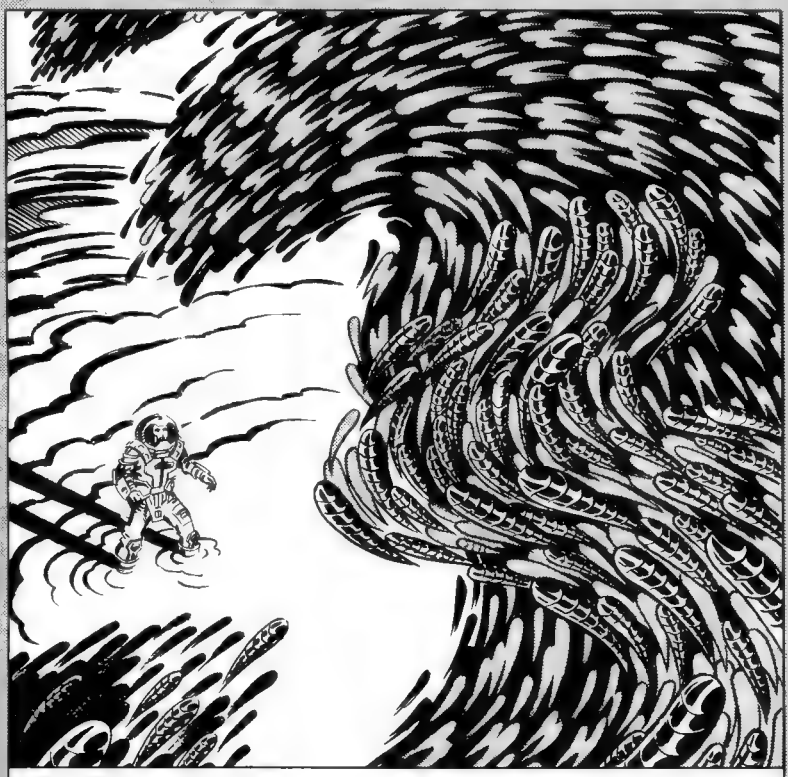




Bonus Preview — Vox #2

HEY, WHAT HAPPENED TO SIX?!
VOX! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
I'D LIKE TO KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO SIX!
SKLISH!
A LITTLE INNOVATION OF MY OWN, PRIVATE, REDUCES ANTICIPATION.
GREAT! NOW THAT THE MISSION IS A SUCCESS, GET ME OUTTA HERE!
YOUR REPORT FIRST--
SIR, MAYBE WE COULD SKIP THE REPORT.
WHERE THE HELL AM I, ANYWAY?
SLURG, THIRD PLANET FROM ZATARI. 100,000 LIGHT YEARS BEYOND ALLIANCE SPACE.

Bonus Preview — Vox #2



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by Angela Harris and Aaron McClellan

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Revealed at last — *the Origin of Inspector Gill!*

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The Fish Police swim over to Apple Comics in the most eagerly-awaited issue yet!

Who is Inspector Gill? Where is he from? And what the hey is going on here? The answers begin in this special collector's issue!

FISH POLICE™

On Sale in July from

APPLE COMICS™

#18 *By Steve Moncuse*

How'd we get *this* far?

(continued)

(continued from inside front cover)

This was my introduction into the creative process of Argentine comics. The stories down there begin with a drawing of a character. The artist takes this drawing to the writer and together they discuss the character's motivations and reason for being.

What sort of world does he live in? Why does he do what he does? From this informal discussion comes the germ of an idea that gives birth to a series.

But always it goes back to the character. The title character is *everything* in Argentina.

The Villagrans populated a half-dozen monthly titles with characters using this process. (and Argentine comics are over *100 pages* in length!) Some of those series are still running after 20 years and have a wide audience in Europe.

We did a little talking about the drawings and I took them home with me that night. After a week or so, I brought Enrique the script for the issue you now hold. I tailored it with Enrique's strengths in mind. He can draw the *muy macho* kind of action hero, as well as the attractive heroines required for this kind of science fiction action story. Also, his command of anything military is astounding. Look at the space marines in this issue. These guys even have military *body language.*

The other element I included in the script was a heaping dose of sarcastic humor. Argentinians and we Yankees are the world masters of sarcasm. The caustic remark and withering stare are a fine art in *both* our cultures, so it seemed natural to season Doy and Ronnie's dialogue with *lots* of it.

After all of this was over, I ran into Mike Catron at the Kubert School reunion back in August and he picked the series up for the same reasons I wrote it: Enrique's drawings.

This was a blast to write, and I hope the three issues are that much fun to read. We'd like to tackle a few more of these.

Enrique has a lot more drawings.

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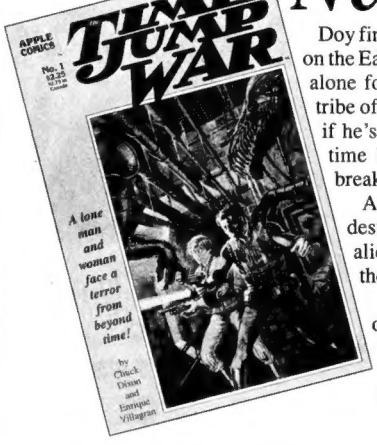
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TIME JUMP WAR
A lone man and woman face a terror from beyond time!
by Chuck Dixon and Enrique Villagran

Next Issue!

Doy finds himself separated from Ronnie on the Earth of the distant past. But he's not alone for long when he meets up with a tribe of his ancestors — who can't decide if he's a god or a demon! Breaking the time barrier was a snap compared to breaking the language barrier!

And what's become of Ronnie? Did destroying their ship also destroy the alien invaders? Most importantly, is there a way back?

The battle for Europa may be over, but the war has just begun!

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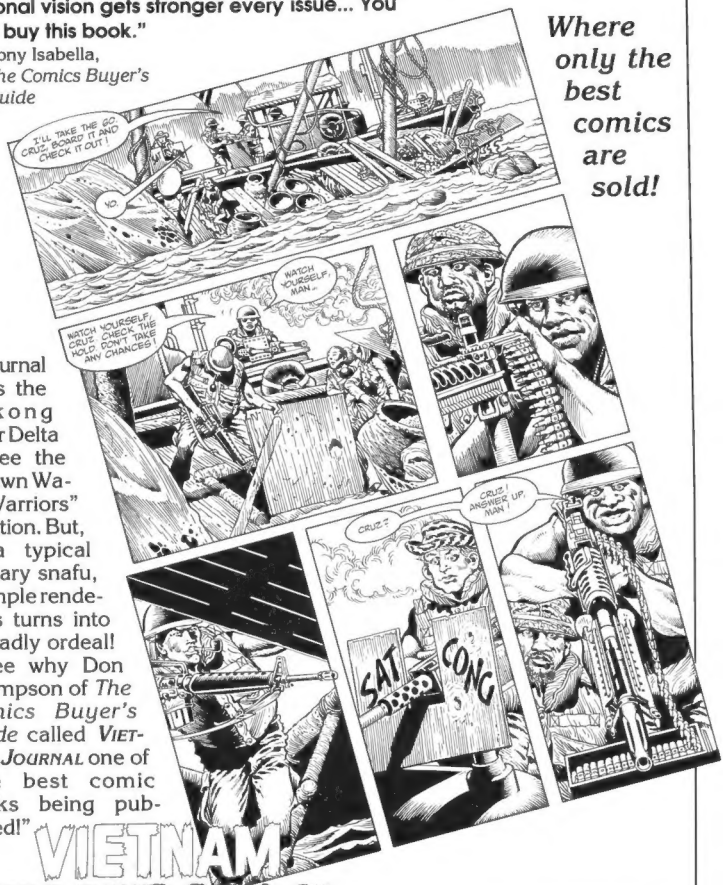
I'LL TAKE THE GO CRUZ BOARD IT AND CHECK IT OUT!
NO
WATCH YOURSELF, CRUZ. CHECK THE HOLD. DON'T TAKE ANY CHANCES!
WATCH YOURSELF, MAN...
CRUZ?
CRUZ! ANSWER UP, MAN!
SAT
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